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SIXPENCE.

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IN PRZEMYSL, THE AUSTRIAN FORTRESS CAPTURED BY HIS TROOPS AND NOW MENACED BY THE ENEMY: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (ON THE RIGHT) IN RUINED FORT GORKA WITH THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, GENERALISSIMO OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The Emperor of Russia visited the battlefields of Galicia and the captured fortress of Przemyśl during April. He reached the Galician border on April 22 and was met at the frontier station of Brody by the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Russian Commander-in-Chief. His Majesty then motored to Lwow (Lemberg), visiting on the way the graves of soldiers

killed in the war, and later went on to Przemyśl. The drawing shows the Emperor and the Grand Duke Nicholas standing amid the ruins of Fort Gorka, which, our Artist writes, had been "practically turned inside out and upside down" by the explosions. Before the surrender of Przemyśl, the Austrian commander caused the forts to be blown up.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

THE last week in May, ending the tenth month of the war, made a considerable addition, on the whole, to the debit side of the Allies' account—as expressed by the sinking of two more of our battle-ships at the Dardanelles, the blowing-up of the *Princess Irene* in the Medway—after the manner of the *Bulwark*, and a casualty list of over 3700 officers and men for both Services in Flanders and the Mediterranean. This was very nearly twice our losses at the Alma, and more than a fifth part of Wellington's entire casualties at Waterloo. At this rate, the War Office will have to use strenuous efforts to enable us to find the sort of men we want in our various theatres of operations, and the country has welcomed for once the formation of a special non-Party Coalition Cabinet for the purposes of the War.

At our present casualty rate, Lord Kitchener's last instalment of 300,000 men may be insufficient, after a year's, or even six months' training, to fill up all the gaps now being made in the ranks of our armies in Flanders by high explosives, shrapnel, machine-gun fire, and poison-gas. It takes John Bull a long time to get a new idea into his head, but there are signs that at last the slow-moving old gentleman is beginning to pull on his boots and take off his coat for a fight to a finish such as he has never—in all his chequered, up-hill history—had before. His must now be the old Douglas motto: "Do or Die!"

The nation received the Job's news of the sinking of two of its second-class battle-ships—*Triumph* and *Majestic*—with singular equanimity, or resolute composure—the more so, since the loss of life thereby occasioned was comparatively small. But what more especially troubled it was the moral of this double disaster—the revelation that German submarines had been able to reach the Eastern Mediterranean and launch their torpedoes against our war-vessels in the Dardanelles. Of these we have now lost five in one way or another, and the French one—so that the process of attrition contemplated and prescribed by General von Bernhardi is already noticeable.

It must be owned that it is certainly a very considerable achievement on the part of the Germans to have been able to take their submarines so far from home as the Ægean, and to bring them into action there; but as a feat of combined skill and daring this was thrown into the shade by the performance of one of our own under-water craft, *E 11*, which, commanded by Lieut. Nasmith, penetrated to the Sea of Marmora, where, among other things, it sank an ammunition-ship, and even torpedoed a transport in the Golden Horn. All this will show how very serious and difficult is our enterprise at the Dardanelles; but, on the whole, we continue to gain ground on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and, having put our hand to the plough, there must be no thought of taking it away till we reach the end of the furrow.

Our overseas "sons of the Empire" from the Southern Cross continue to fight with superb bravery and endurance, while the entrance of Italy into the field of war must also have its effect on our endeavour to force the passage of the Dardanelles, seeing that the French squadron, which has hitherto been engaged in bottling up the Austrian battle-ships in their Adriatic ports, will now be free to help forward the Allied operations against Constantinople.

As for Italy, she has made a brave and promising start, under her big-little King—small in body but great in soul, like some other illustrious commanders in military history. So far, a state of war has not been declared, on either side, between Germany and Italy; but that *de facto* result cannot be long deferred in view of the circumstance that the Army of the latter Power has already made good its footing at several points on Austrian soil, and that the troops of the Dual Monarchy can never make double headway against the Russians in Galicia and the Italians in the Trentino without assistance from the legions of the German Kaiser.

Meanwhile, Italy is serving as a kind of lightning-conductor for the fulminations of hatred of which England has hitherto been the exclusive object; and perhaps the most ludicrous incident of the whole war was the spectacle of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg standing up in the Reichstag—"tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect," with "holy anger" in his heart—and falling "a-cursing like a very drab" because Italy had declined to accept the conditional guarantee of a Power which had proved itself so grossly forsworn in the case of Belgium.

By the successful air-ship attack on Pola, the great naval base of Austria in the Adriatic, the Italians have already shown themselves to be much more skilful at this kind of warfare than the Germans, whose Zeppelins hitherto have practically achieved nothing at all of real military importance. Since the middle of January they have launched ten air-raids—most of them of the air-ship kind—against our shores, and even suburban London itself, with no other result than the killing of a few innocent people and some horses, apart from the wrecking of a few houses; so that this poor return for the consumption of so many bombs must be compared with Falstaff's "halfpenny-worth of bread" to his "intolerable deal of sack." More agile and daring than the lumbering, heavy-weight Huns, a French flotilla of eighteen aeroplanes, each carrying heavy projectiles, countered on them by carrying out a most destructive attack on the great explosives factory of Ludwigshafen, on the Lake of Constance.

On the western front, for the rest, the Allies, while holding their ground, have not been making very much headway, though their expenditure of ammunition and of life on such a huge scale must surely mean the achievement of results of which the meaning is not yet altogether patent to the "man in the street." On the other hand, the Germans themselves are finding it just as difficult to advance in Galicia as in France and Flanders. With another of their wild-bull rushes *d la* Hindenburg, they certainly succeeded in rolling back the Russians to the San, thus threatening to recover Przemyśl; but once more the Grand Duke seems to have re-asserted the reputation of his people for a quite wonderful resiliency and resourcefulness.

LONDON: JUNE 1, 1915.

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A DIARY FROM THE DARDANELLES.

(Continued from Page 724.)

been pounding away at the Peninsula. These naval guns form our heavy artillery for the infantry's advance. Suddenly shrapnel began to burst all round. Flashes came from the hill and the ridges, and we knew the enemy had opened the ball. The sun sank once more in glory behind the island of I—. As night fell, an aeroplane reconnoitred over their position. On the seaward side of the Peninsula our friend the cruiser started her work in the darkness; we could actually see the shells' trail. The enemy on the Asia Minor side were dropping shrapnel—"bags" of it—just off the point, and, thank heavens! most of it was short and burst over the sea. Away in the distance, and further up the Peninsula where the Australians landed, our ships were dropping shell after shell on the heights. Altogether we had plenty to see. In front of us lay the French hospital-ship, with the little tugs running to and fro to her. From the Strait came a great man-o'-war to take a rest and load up ammunition after her day's work, and the heliographs and signalling-lamps were busy all around us. The only sign of peace here is the tranquil and beautiful sky with its gems twinkling ever.

And you think, as you lie back on the cushioned seats of the train or the "Tube"—you think the taking of the Dardanelles is going along so nicely—at least, so the daily papers inform you. Oh, it's a picnic to come here! It's a holiday from our offices, our homes, and our loved ones. We are lucky to see the world and enjoy the beautiful climate; but can you ever realise what it is costing England's sons to hang on by their eyelids on this terrible place? We know, because we've seen it, and it has been a great and terrible experience. We have seen Britain's wonderful organisation and greatness as you can never know it, although the great city of London and all its splendid workings are example enough; but, believe me, if the Allies ever gain the ascendancy over this terribly strong military position, it will only be by dint of some of the hardest fighting in this war. Our boys have had their powers of endurance tested through the terrible winter in France, but the heat which is beginning to make itself felt, and the extremes of temperature, will test any man's physical powers to their utmost.

Monday, May 3. Comparatively quiet in the battle-area. Our naval guns continue to tickle them up! Some of the men rowed officers ashore and came back full of the tales of battle. On 5th May we are going to make a big effort to get the hill and its adjacent ridge, for, on that day, the Australians hope to have gained a certain ground which will be conducive towards victory. May it be so! Hundreds of Greeks—compelled by the Turks to fight, are coming in to surrender. Our poor fellows lay wounded for three days between the two fires before they could be brought in for treatment. The enemy have one or two big guns which are a nuisance, and they are fighting very doggedly. But actually how things are going we cannot, of course, tell.

To-day an enemy aeroplane made a daring observation-flight. Our anti-aircraft guns made a useful attempt to pot him, but he escaped after quite an exciting flight. He looked like flying over our way, and we speculated as to a bomb; but no, he tried another course.

The despatch-ship brought letters for the ships' officers to-day. None for us, and great disappointment. Three and a-half weeks and not a word by mail or Press from home. It's rough on fellows homesick and unused to it. Lucky merchants, those in France!

Another big battle on Wednesday night. We have gained the village of Kriethea, and fighting hard for the Hill Baba. As usual, a terrific bombardment by our naval guns and the French 75-millimetre, which were landed early.

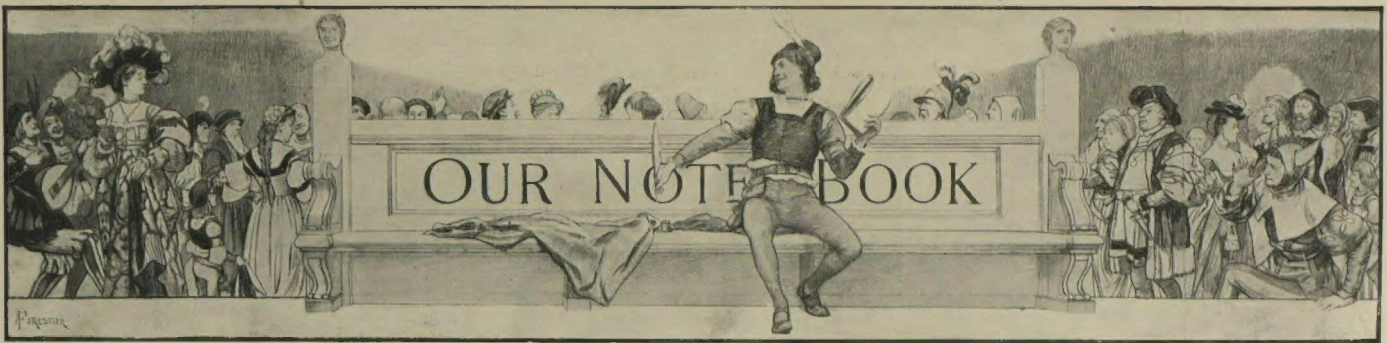
May 4, Thursday. Awoke to a glorious morning—full sun and cool breezes, sea perfect and dancing in the sunlight. What weather, and we get it every day! Beautiful nights and myriads of stars come to our gaze after viewing sunsets that beat any picture "all ends up."

Guns booming and banging, as usual. At 6.25 a German aeroplane flew overhead and dropped three bombs around a transport lying 300 yards from us. Great columns of water went up. The missiles were meant for our artillery just outside the camp, situated by the landing-place on the sea side of Helles Point. Later, a British and then a French aeroplane made observation-flights, and we had a most exciting time as the enemy's aircraft guns made merry, and fired well over a hundred shots. To see the shell burst and the resulting smoke hang in the air was very pretty, and it was finer still to see the way our 'planes fooled the gunners by their daring.

Heavy bombardment continues. I was on the boat-deck in charge of the party disinfecting up and cleaning machines. Some of our officers and ship's officers went ashore, but the ship hooted them back, and we guessed we were to move. At five o'clock they came back, and we started immediately for Alexandria—so we are told. So we left the danger zone. So it was, for if one of those bombs had, perchance, hit us, we should have been blown sky-high—why?—well, perhaps, you can guess! After a rubber of whisky and an excellent day's grub, I went forward to enjoy the night and have a talk with two of the boys about the constellations and their marvels. The phosphorescence danced gaily by us, and above us the gems of the sky sparkled gloriously. Low down the old "Flasher" threw colour upon colour before our eyes. We picked out the Pole Star, turned west, and thought—of home.

The men flushing down the decks woke me at 5 a.m. this morning, but what a morning! Air like wine, and through the cabin-doors the islands of the Archipelago—the Cyclades group—were studded all over the ocean. So we continued to pass them whilst eating brekker and performing physical drill. A panorama fit for the gods!

Our officers who went ashore brought across relics of the great battles. Shell, cases, bullets. *Très intéressant!* I hear that the fight upon landing was one of the most terrible in this war. Ghostly beyond words! So ends my first visit to the Dardanelles.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF I were Grand Inquisitor, I would try to burn out of the world not so much certain beliefs as certain phrases. I would argue with people about creeds; but I would kill them for catchwords. Short of this, much might be done by voluntary asceticism and self-denial. Journalists might take a vow not to say "a strong man" for eight months, after which time they might begin to have some faint adumbration of what, if anything, they meant by it. They should fast from the word "slacker." They should only allow themselves to say "doing his bit" upon great feast-days. But other phrases should be extirpated utterly, because they are part of a whole view of life which has been proved to be apish and impertinent. As things stand, they choke the channels of human thinking everywhere. The clear heresies like Fatalism or Antinomianism are bad for conduct; in them action is spoiled by thought. But in these things thought is spoiled by language. Especially by the same language used again and again. I have seen a hundred times, if I have seen it once, the phrase about the present war: "We want not people who talk, but people who do things." There are I know not how many confusions in those few words. To begin with, it is within the humble capacities of human nature to talk sense. Probably the best thing that an enforced civilian can at present do for his country is to talk sense. It is also possible to do nonsense, as the Germans do when they "go bang, bang!" (as the children say) over English watering-places, or as some Englishmen do when they try to suppress German music. Then, of course, the phrase involves the division of men into two different kinds—those who can speak and those who can act. This is an idiot simplicity, like dividing men into those who hear and those who smell. There is not, and never has been, the smallest grain of evidence that the two capacities are incompatible; and all the largest historical evidence proves that they generally go together. Danton, "who stamped his foot and armies came out of the earth," Chatham, who sent the English flag round the world, were both of them primarily and supremely men of words. They could talk well and act well; and their chief obstacles were powerful dummies who could do neither. But, in contradiction to the plainest fact, this absurd tag still trails its length along; and a man is often supposed to be able to do everything merely because he cannot tell anybody what he is doing.

Another endless rut into which many of our writers have slid is a phrase about fighting the Germans with their own weapons. Now, first of all, a sensible person does not fight anything with its own weapons. He does not bite a shark, or scratch a tiger. The wise man will not place his principal hopes in the possibility of tossing a bull. He will not be found, in his scientific rambles, endeavouring patiently to sting a hornet. It is sufficiently obvious, one would think, that victory over an opponent can best be obtained not by using the methods with which he is familiar, but the methods with which he is not familiar. But when we come to moral and intellectual differences this self-evident truism seems to fade from the minds of men. If we were at war with the King of the Coral Islands, these people would say that our Admirals ought to eat their prisoners. At least, they show no perception of any intellectual principle that could save them from such

a conclusion. It does not seem to dawn on them that we do not eat savages for the same reason that we do conquer them: because we are not savage. We do not swallow human gore for the same reason that we do not swallow slavery and humiliation: because they make us sick. I am sorry to see that even so candid and humane a writer as Mr. Blatchford, to whom we all owe so much, slips into the same rut. He says sarcastically that we are not allowed to use certain forms of retaliation because our Government is so kind to the Germans. Now certain special

for human self-respect: we cannot possibly lose what we are fighting for, even in order to fight better. The Prussian sticks at nothing in pursuit of triumph because he understands nothing except triumph. Losing the battle is to him what losing his soul is to a *dévo*t—a thing he normally hopes to avoid, a thing he hopes it may not be too hard to avoid, but a thing which, first and last, he *must* avoid, and the avoidance of which will dwarf everything else that is endured. But we do not and cannot make our salvation consist solely in our success. We do not and cannot think

of defeat as the worst thing possible, any more than we can think of war as the worst thing possible. To us a defeated Kosciusko, or a defeated Robert Emmet, is not disgraced by defeat; but a defeated Bismarck would be simply a detected rascal. I am not pronouncing here upon any particular instance, which would require a military and scientific knowledge which I do not possess; but I am pronouncing upon what the test must be, and especially upon what it must not be. It must not be merely the question of whether the enemy is or is not doing some particular thing. They said in the Middle Ages, I think, that the Devil was the ape of God. It must not be said in any ages that we were the apes of the Devil. When I say "we," I mean, first, my own countrymen; further, the totally different nations called Ireland and Scotland; and, finally, all the countries which have kept the chivalry and charity of Christendom for much more than a thousand years. They are now, thank God, practically all embattled in defence of that chivalry and charity, and are doing justice upon the proved enemies of both without a particle of doubt or fear. The only limit they will recognise will be the strictly rational one which I have stated. They cannot strike those who would destroy their chivalry by destroying it themselves. For the fighting spirit as we value it is the flower of a great many other things, and cannot be separated from them. A kind of courage can exist in a merciless and unmagnanimous soldier, as it can exist in a merciless and unmagnanimous wild pig; but it does not happen to be the kind of courage that our brethren have died to keep alive. They have died for a certain spirit not at all easy to define, and not at all necessary to define as long as we have got it. That spirit cannot exist without other virtues besides the virtue of fortitude: it has always in it something that looks before and after, the memory and the promise of peace. The old light Cavalier lyric clangs to-day with a deeper and more dreadful resonance; in many darkened English homes is heard the dead voice which says—

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not Honour more.

But it is equally true that such healthy and military pride cannot stand alone or grow out of nothing: it must have something to defend, and something that is worth defending. It is equally true that the spirit of Christendom is saying also—

I could not love thee, Honour, so much
Loved I not Goodness more.

Nor have I any doubt that our war will be the stronger for a vivid sense of what we are fighting for; while an abandonment of its essence would mean the slow drying-up of all the fountains of our courage. For we are not fighting for something before us, but for something behind us: not for Empire, but for home.

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RESTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS EYESIGHT: SIR EDWARD GREY.

The Foreign Office announced on May 31: "Sir Edward Grey has been strongly advised that it is necessary to leave off work for a short time in order to rest his eyesight. During his absence Lord Crewe has been requested by the Prime Minister to take charge of the Foreign Office, which he has agreed to do. Lord Lansdowne has consented to assist Lord Crewe during this period as occasion arises." It has been known for some time that Sir Edward Grey has been suffering with eye-trouble, and has been wearing coloured glasses, as shown in our photograph, to soften the glare of the light; but his oculist has now advised complete rest, which everyone will hope will prove brief and effective.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

retaliations may be right or wrong; but it is mere slipshod sentimentalism to suggest that those who think them wrong have any particular Teutonic sympathies. Would Mr. Blatchford, for instance, say that we should poison wells because the Germans poisoned them? And, if not, why not? The real reason, of course, would be the same for him as for me; and we should not refrain out of respect for Germans, but out of respect for ourselves.

This plain principle must be the test in all talk about the morality of methods. For it is the whole challenge that is rending the world. We are fighting

"THE BOND OF BLOOD": FORCES OF ITALY—OUR LATEST ALLY.

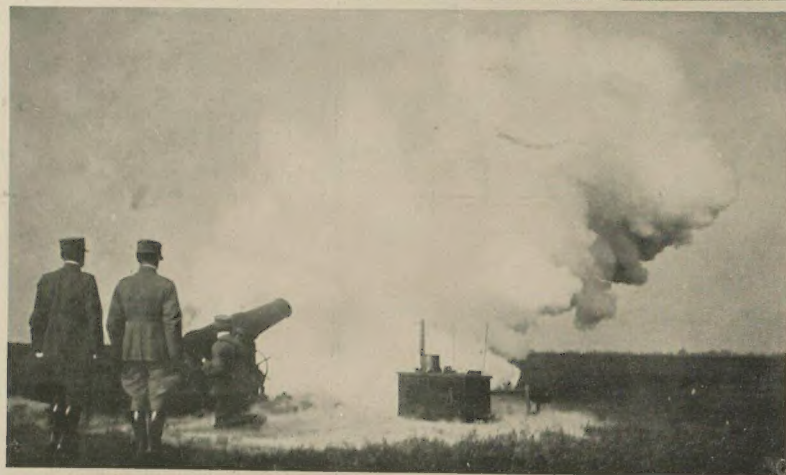
PHOTOGRAPHS (OF ARTILLERY AND AEROPLANE) BY BOTTINI.



ONE OF THE WEAPONS WITH WHICH THE ITALIAN FIELD ARTILLERY IS EQUIPPED: A 10-C.M. GUN BEING BROUGHT INTO ACTION.



THE PRACTICAL TRAINING OF THE ITALIAN ARTILLERY: AMMUNITION-WAGONS OF A BATTERY AT FIELD EXERCISE.



ORDNANCE OF WHICH ITALY POSSESSES TWENTY BATTERIES: A 149-M.M. FIELD-HOWITZER BEING TESTED FOR RANGE.



THE SCENE OF THE ITALIAN MAIN ADVANCE: NEAR GOERZ ON ONE OF THE ROADS TO THE ISONZO RIVER.



THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY IN WHICH THE ITALIANS ARE FIGHTING: IN THE FRONTIER DISTRICT BORDERING ON THE ISONZO RIVER.



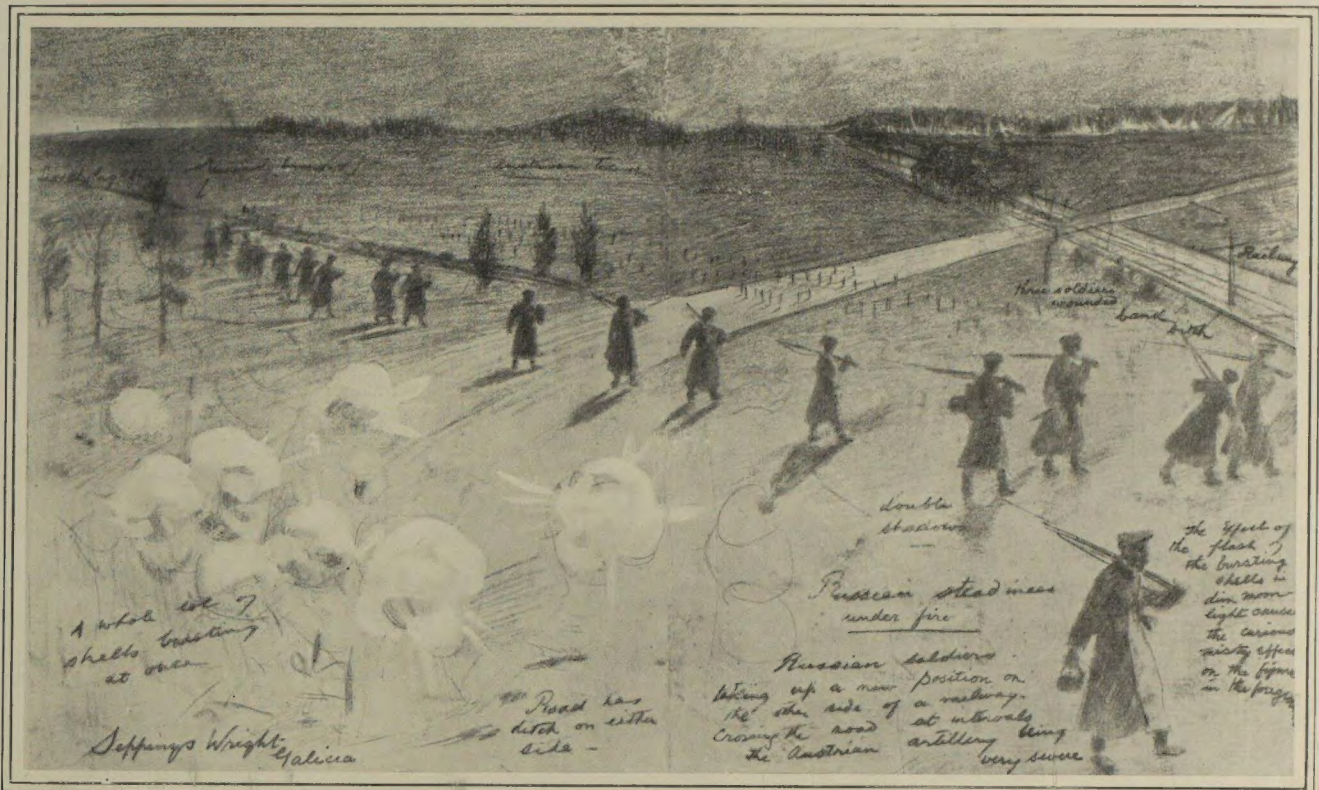
ONE OF AN ARM TO WHICH THE ITALIANS HAVE PAID SPECIAL ATTENTION: A MILITARY BIPLANE AND ITS AIRMEN.

The Italian field artillery has the reputation of being equal in tactical efficiency and in *matériel* to the best in any of the armies of the Great Powers. It has been reorganised and largely re-equipped during the past two years. The training is thorough and practical, and carried out under service conditions. In the first illustration we see an Italian 10-centimetre (or 3·9-inch) field-gun coming into action. Some of the gunners are running up an ammunition-wagon alongside ready to supply the shells, while others are seeing to the gun-gear in readiness for laying the gun. Four-fifths of the Italian field-battery establishment is armed with the new *Déport* gun, a revised pattern of the famous French "75": the remainder are Krupp-type pieces of much the same calibre as the gun shown above. Our second illustration shows ammunition-wagons of a battery

at field exercise negotiating an awkward-looking ditch in a rough cross-country gallop. The 149-m.m. (or 6-inch) field-howitzer seen in the third illustration is the principal position-gun of the Army. At the beginning of this year, Italy possessed upwards of 175 military aeroplanes, mostly monoplanes, but with a percentage of weight-carrying biplanes. The air-service is well staffed, and has a large and highly trained *personnel*, both for aeroplanes and dirigibles, as to which, in the semi-rigid *Forlaninis*, Italy has a model likely to be a good match for any Zeppelins. In his message to King George, King Victor Emmanuel spoke of "the ancient traditional friendship between the Italian and English peoples . . . now strengthened by the bond of blood in the war against the common enemy."

BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS: THE STRUGGLE IN GALICIA.

FACSIMILE DRAWINGS BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES.



THE SANG-FROID OF RUSSIA'S MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING MEN: TROOPS CALMLY WALKING TO A NEW POSITION UNDER HEAVY SHELL-FIRE.



THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN GALICIA: A BATTERY OF HEAVY GUNS, WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, IN ACTION AGAINST THE AUSTRIANS.

The long struggle in Galicia continues, and at the moment of writing, while the Austro-German forces are still reported as threatening Przemyśl on the north, west, and south, the recent Russian official communiqués give better news of the fighting in various quarters. One from the Russian General Staff issued at Petrograd on May 31 states, regarding the operations in Middle Galicia: "The battle on the San is also (that is, as well as that in South-West Poland) developing in our favour. Our troops have successfully assumed the offensive, and last night crossed the River Lubaczowka, occupying the village of Manasterz (near the confluence with the San) and inflicting

heavy losses on the enemy. The offensive of the enemy along the front Jaroslau-Radymno in an easterly direction has been stopped by our fire." As regards the fighting in East Galicia the same official report states: "In the region beyond the Dniester on Saturday, all hostile attacks along the front Zaderewacz-Bolechów-Jaworów (i.e., between Stry and Dolina) were repulsed with heavy losses for the enemy. Our troops on Saturday night assumed a resolute offensive with great success. On this front we captured more than 7000 prisoners and 30 quick-firing guns. The enemy began a disorderly retreat."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHEN THE AUSTRALIANS THOUGHT THEIR COMRADES WERE FIRING ON THEM: ENFILADED BY TURCO-GERMAN FIRE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



WITH A STRAY DOG BARKING AT THE SPURTS OF SAND THROWN UP BY THE BULLETS THEIR BACKS, UNDER THE ENEMY'S CROSS-FIRE ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA—SOME WAVING THEIR CAPS TO SHOW THEIR IDENTITY.

This is an episode in the desperate fighting against enormous odds which has brought glory to the Australians on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It will be remembered that, with the New Zealanders, they landed at a point where cliffs rose steeply from the beach, and the difficulties of the ground made their advance all the more wonderful. A lull in the enemy's counter-attack was taken advantage of by the men to dig themselves in hastily as well as the sandy nature of the hillside allowed. There the Australians remained, at bay, refusing to let themselves be dislodged. The enemy then turned their guns on them with shrapnel, at the same time opening a hot enfilading fusillade from machine-guns and musketry from a concealed position on one flank. Where that firing came from the Australians could not make out. To account for it they thought it possible that some of their own comrades elsewhere

were firing on them. But they would not give way. The men flattened themselves to the ground, lying low in their shallow trenches, and piled up their haversacks behind to protect their backs while they fought the Turks in front. Some also stuck their caps on their rifles and held them up, signalling to the comrades they thought might be shooting at them, to cease fire. All the time a little fox-terrier, who had accompanied the soldiers, was running and barking up and down and round the line in the midst of the fire. He kept making playful snaps at the spurts of sand thrown up as Turkish bullets hit the ground near by, excited, but not at all frightened even when now and again a burst of shrapnel bullets sent a cloud of sand right over him.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AT THE DARDANELLES: SUCCESSES AND MISHAPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIER, L.N.A., ALFIERI, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE OFF GALLIPOLI ON MAY 25: H.M.S. "TRIUMPH."



TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE OFF GALLIPOLI ON MAY 27: H.M.S. "MAJESTIC."



A GALLIPOLI RELIC OF THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR OF 1911: AN ITALIAN SHELL INSIDE SEDD-UL BAHR CASTLE.



RECENTLY REPORTED SLIGHTLY WOUNDED: GENERAL BIRDWOOD, COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIANS IN GALLIPOLI, OUTSIDE HIS BOMB-PROOF HUT.



WHERE THE HEROIC AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS LANDED: THE GABA TEPE SHORE, WITH WOUNDED RECEIVING ATTENTION.



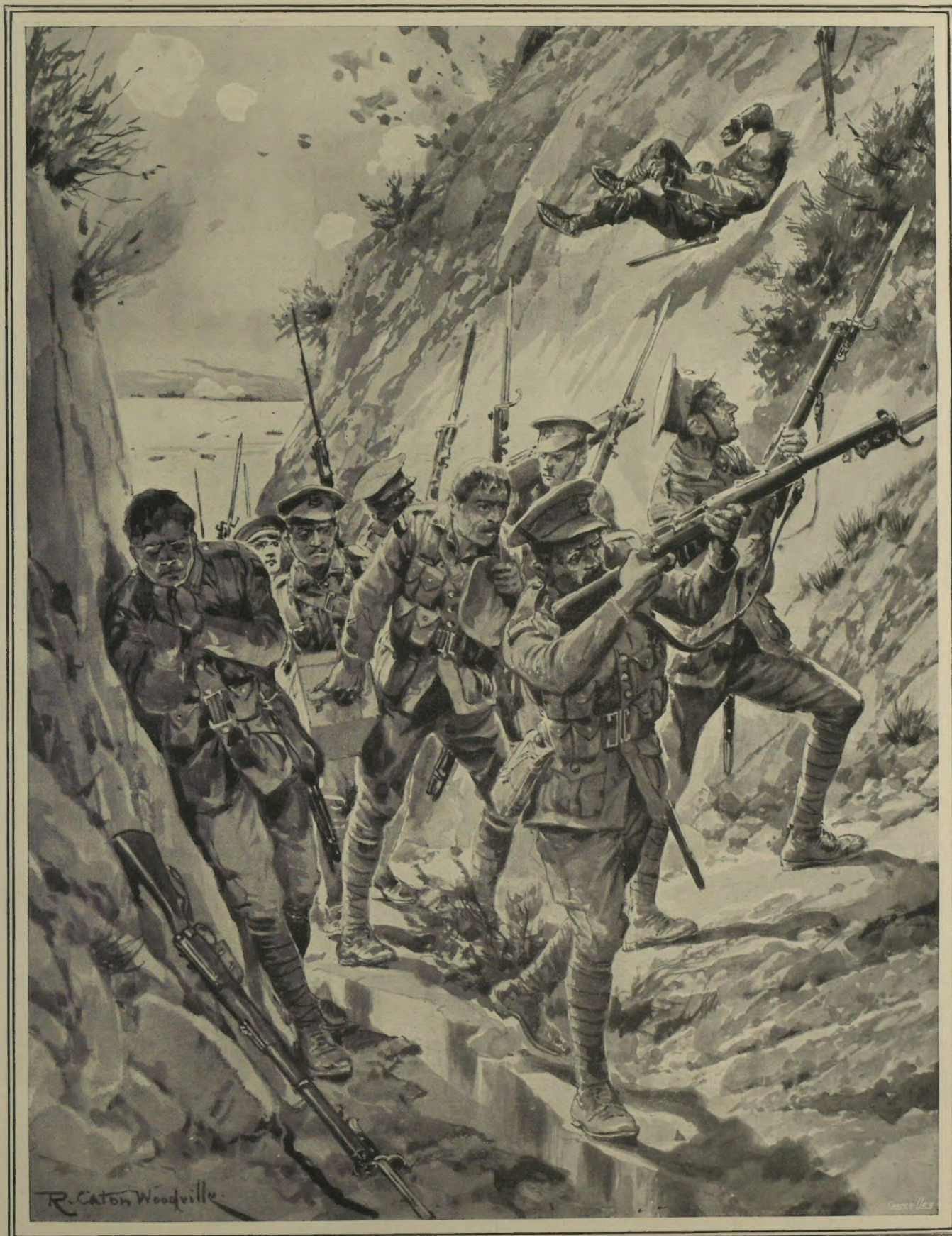
HOW THE AUSTRALIANS AT GABA TEPE GOT THEIR ARTILLERY INTO ACTION: DRAGGING A GUN UP A CLIFF PATH.

Two more British battle-ships—the "Triumph" and the "Majestic"—were recently lost, within three days, at the Dardanelles. The "Triumph," commanded by Captain Maurice Fitzmaurice, was launched at Barrow in 1904. She was of 11,800 tons displacement, and her complement was about 700. The "Majestic" (Captain H. F. S. Talbot) was launched at Portsmouth in 1895. Her displacement was 14,900 tons, and her complement 760. Fortunately, in both cases, most of the officers and crew were saved. Inside Sedd-ul Bahr Castle, captured by the British, was found a monument surmounted

by an Italian shell fired during the war concerning Tripoli in 1911.—A recent report that General Birdwood had been killed happily proved incorrect, and it was stated that he had only been slightly wounded. An official correspondent, describing the fine work of the Australians and New Zealanders in Gallipoli, writes: "The Generals and Staff Officers fare no better than their men. General Birdwood has a high opinion of his troops. He told me he could not praise the courage, endurance, and soldierly qualities of his Colonials enough."

AUSTRALIAN GALLANTRY AT THE DARDANELLES: REINFORCEMENTS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



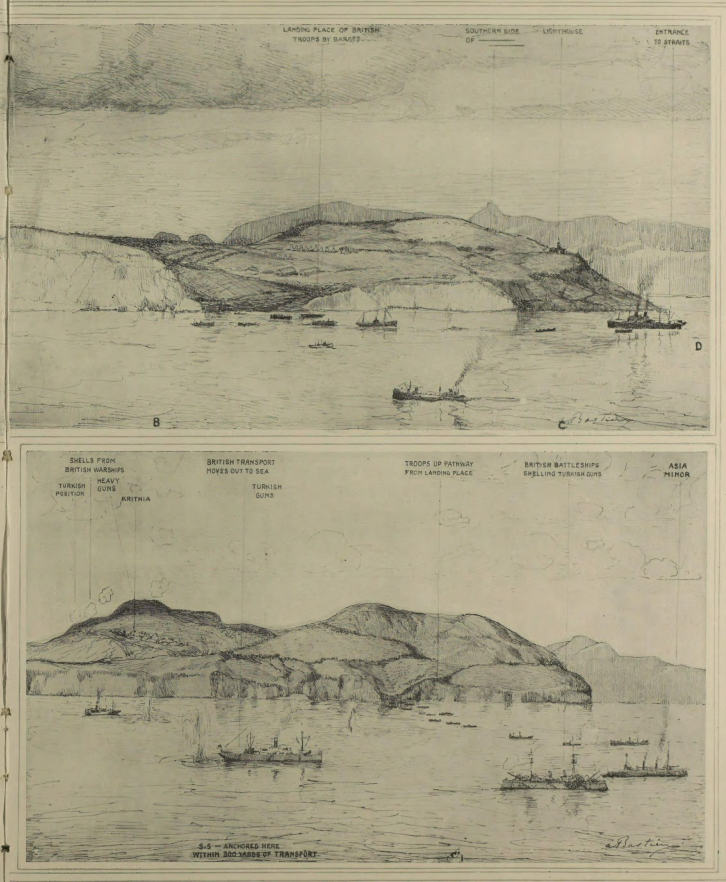
UNDER FIRE FROM TURKISH SNIPERS AND SHRAPNEL AND SUPPORTED BY THE SHIPS' SHELLS: RESERVES OF THE THIRD AUSTRALIAN BRIGADE BATTLING THEIR WAY UP A NARROW RAVINE WITH AMMUNITION SUPPLIES AND MAXIMS.

It is more than probable that none of the soldiers of the Allied armies fighting in the Great War has had to surmount such physical obstacles as those which had to be faced and overcome by the British forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Our illustration shows the difficulties. We see reinforcements for the 3rd Australian Brigade struggling up a rock-strewn defile from the sea under fire of snipers and shrapnel. The men had to fight their way up carrying reserve ammunition for their comrades ahead, and laden with

additional Maxims and heavy boxes of cartridges. Every rock crevice and bush towards the top was occupied by Turkish sharpshooters, and, as the long-drawn-out column threaded its way along the gully, men were struck down. Our bullets, though, found their mark, and many dead snipers came rolling down the hillside. All the while, from near the horizon at sea, shells from the ships covering the attack went hurtling overhead to burst in advance among the Turks.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FIGHTING IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA—KRITHIA AND GABA TEPE: LAND OPERATIONS SEEN FROM THE WATER.

FROM SKETCHES BY BRITISH OFFICERS.



TROOPS LANDED: THE BOMBARDMENT OF KRITHIA ON APRIL 28.

3. A TRANSPORT'S NARROW ESCAPE: A TURKISH SHELL BURSTING CLOSE ASTERN DURING A NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF KRITHIA.

2. WHERE THE HEROIC AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES AFTER LANDING: GABA TEPE FROM THE SEA.

Describing the sketch from which our first drawing was made, an officer says: "Scene of bombardment of Krithia village and Tuzo-Germas Army in possession, on April 28, 1915, while British troops are landing at Hellen Point and advancing under cover of the fire from the Allies' fleet. Strong resistance was made, but the artillery got into action and, with a very fine being well looked after by our 'Queen Elizabeth'. As dusk fell, Krithia burst into bright flame, and the rifles barked again and again as the enemy left their two-uncomfortable position. The exclamation above referred to was made after the position had been reconnoitered by an aeroplane. Continuing, he says: "The fire was concentrated from our vessels

from about three-quarters to one mile off the shore. Our own ship lay between the 'Queen Elizabeth' and the 'Dublin', both of which did great havoc. The 'Dublin' lay about three hundred yards off us. The bombardment vessels are not shown on the sketch, as the writer's transport lay as far in as any of them. The approximate positions—only more in rear than shown—are indicated by letters. The 'Queen Elizabeth' is to the left of the vessel and the balloon. A is the writer's transport; B is the 'Dublin'; and the others' names are not known. Friday morning early (April 30) found the enemy with heavier guns on the ridges and Kiki-Baba, and, consequently, we had a repetition of Wednesday's battle. The enemy, however, put in some very good shots before being silenced, one falling uncomfortably close to our transport." [Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A DIARY FROM THE DARDANELLES: EXPERIENCES WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

(As Passed by Censor, May 26, 1915.)

AFTER three days in the fine natural harbour of this island situate in the Ægean Sea, and where the Allies have made for themselves a naval base to attack the Dardanelles, we left suddenly at noon on Wednesday, 28 April, 1915, for the scene of action.

Now to tell you of one of the greatest days in my life—the day that I first came under the fire and was privileged to see one of the finest bombardments yet fought in history. About three o'clock, or three hours after leaving L—, we sighted many vessels and land ahead. Then we saw flashes, and knew where we were. The cannonade became distinct, and gradually we came up with hundreds of craft of every description surrounding the entrance to the Straits and around the Peninsula of Gallipoli.

Transports supplying soldiers, stores, guns, and ammunition were there galore, and the men-o'-war, small and large, were darting to and fro. Some were lying broadside on, and great flashes of flame came from their guns. We were soon up on the boat-deck to take in the situation and gather information. On Sunday we had landed some Australian, French, and English troops at Helles Bay.

Our troops were landed with great opposition. Barbed-wire entanglements on land and under the sea caused great trouble. The men got caught in this wire and were slaughtered in hundreds. Eventually, barges made the shore, and the British troops landed at Helles Bay. The Australian Contingent were landed at the bay shown on the map, and the opposition was even greater here. A transport was eventually run aground, and the troops got on shore by using this as a jetty.

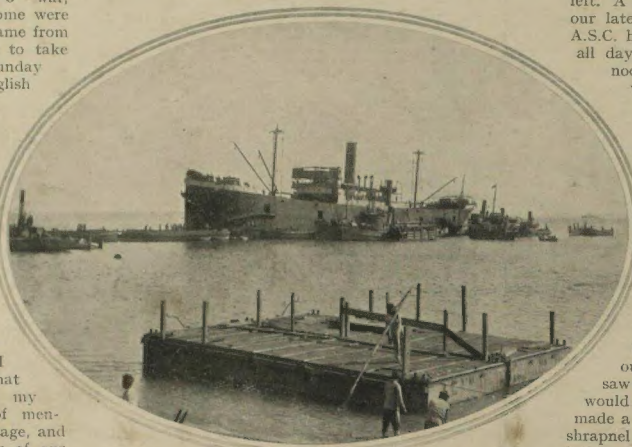
When we steamed up, we saw the landscape as shown on the sketches enclosed, and if these are joined, you will get the whole. I am told this gives a very accurate idea, so that you can perhaps glean some interest from my efforts. As we got into position, the guns of men-o'-war in the mouth of the Strait were doing damage, and already the village was burning. Then another of our cruisers started on our right, and finally the *Queen Elizabeth* and a cruiser took a position on our left and right, respectively, and let go for all they were worth. Need I say what a stirring sight all this was! We could see the land laid out like a panorama before us, and could see the flash of the enemy guns as they sought the batteries of our landing-party. Many of their shells dropped near the coast. So near was the *Dublin* to us that we could view the landing of the great guns and the tars skipping around as happy as sand-boys. Then came the great flash and yet another, and the following volumes of smoke. A while, and then the crash; broadsides were fired—salvos delivered. Jove! it was terrible! Every nerve quivered with excitement as we watched the bursting of the shells and the shrapnel. Bang! and up would go a great column of smoke from the village. As night fell, we could see the lurid flash of the bursting shells and the great flames of the burning village. This was war indeed!

Then the cruiser let go every gun she had upon her, and some trenches to the right of the village must have been sky-high. So night fell, and the fires and lights of our landing-party, and the great glow of the flaming village on our port, with the many lights of the vessels standing "off" on our starboard, made a scene I shall never forget. For a quarter of an hour our guns spoke at eleven o'clock. At 5 a.m. they gave the enemy a gentle reminder for thirty minutes. This was Thursday, and all day we heard the booming of guns and occasionally saw the bursting of enemy shrapnel. Early in the afternoon, a great column of smoke arose from behind a ridge of hills, and continued to rise all day. At night there was a great glow there, and a small town must have been well alight. In the evening, bombardment took place all round, and it transpired that our troops had a terrible time—the Turks advancing with heavy guns and forming a most strong opposition; so much that our troops were forced to retire. Two men came off the shore to our vessel and stated the carnage to be awful. If—if you only realised in England how we are hanging on by our eyebrows here, some of the spruce young city men would come and lend a hand. Think of it, and try and realise what a task we have when it is known that the Turks are reinforcing in thousands, led by Germans who have brought some very heavy guns with them.

Thursday afternoon, a battle-ship on the extreme left, where the Australians had landed, did some good work, and at night there was exchange of artillery fire. It was very cold this night. Up at 5 a.m. next morning, I heard heavy firing from the enemy, and just about 8 a.m. the shrapnel was bursting over our trenches. The enemy's

fire became general, and several shells fell along the cliff; three dropped in the sea around a transport which lay about 300 yards in front of us. She immediately moved to the rear with her load of prisoners. We could see the Turks with their red flag and khaki uniform. Their hands were shackled! Altogether, very exciting!

Then our dogs of war barked, and the Turkish-German guns were silenced. The village, to which the enemy had advanced, was given attention, and altogether the foe must have had a very warm time. Land fighting took place all day, but some good work was done from our vessels in the Narrows. From here a large forest and brushwood land was set on fire, and once more we had a bonfire. Dense columns of smoke arose, and as evening fell, the sky was painted red with the reflection of the



THE MODERN "HORSE OF TROY": THE TRANSPORT "RIVER CLYDE" BEACHED AT SEDD-UL BAHR.

Photograph by Alfieri.

flames. On this day we hear that the Australians put in some fine work, and especially at night under cover of the forest fire, when they did much damage to the enemy. During the morning, two of our aeroplanes carried out a reconnaissance, and a man-o'-war to our right was plumping shells right over the coveted hill. Oh, if we can only gain that prominence! Then, indeed, we should have an advantage, but one that would have been hardly earned. During the afternoon we were visited by a German plane. It had black crosses under the wings, and tried to drop a bomb on our observation-balloon. It was an unsuccessful attempt, however, and our anti-aircraft guns with their

bullet. Behind the hill was the lurid glare of the fire, rifles and machine-guns cracked, the moon in all its fullness gradually rose in a beautifully clear sky, and we—well, we stood in breathless excitement as the players in this extraordinary drama carried on their part in the darkness of the land which lay before us. It gave me an unpleasant feeling of helplessness—a wholesome horror of war—but it was a wonderful sight. All night the guns boomed, and the next day (Saturday) too. In the morning we moved to the island of T—, but speedily returned to the scene of the conflict. Once more we were "in the stalls," but expect to have to take our part at any moment. We dropped some Engineers two days ago, and since then we hear that, upon landing, they were awaiting orders when a shell dropped right in their midst, and few of them were left. A cheerful prospect; but may God rest their souls—our late companions! More Engineers and some of the A.S.C. have left the ship, and the guns have been going all day long. Another fire occurred on Saturday afternoon, and the aeroplanes and observation-balloon were busy. Also guns boomed all day, but we seem to be getting used to these things.

Saturday evening we watched the battle, which quieted down. The sun sank behind the island of Imbros in all his glory, and as this island is very rocky and hilly it was a fine sight. The sea, too, was beautiful; and, as darkness fell, the many transports, with their flash-lamps, ships' lights, and signals, looked like a small town. Overhead, the stars shone out in the deep-blue sky in myriads. A lovely evening! Just after we retired (and I am now sleeping in the ladies' cabin on the top deck—very comfortable, and plenty of sea air) the guns began to speak. It got so hot that our cabin was lit up by the flashes from our guns. We got up, put on our overcoats, and saw the fiercest of battles. To describe it in full would be useless to try. In the pitch dark the blue sky made a silhouette of the all-important hill. The enemy shrapnel burst continually all along the coast, and particularly over the Field Artillery and the two coves where our men are being landed. Great flashes came from our batteries, which did a lot of work, and the rifle-fire was quite audible and very rapid.

Just off the point of the Peninsula our man-o'-war let go every half-minute, and we could see her shells bursting on the hillside. Star shells floated over our encampments, and what with the continual lighting-up of the land by the bursting projectiles, the boom of the guns, the cracking of the rifles, and the rays of the searchlight with the signals flashing to and fro, an awful but memorable scene was presented to us.

This battle raged throughout Saturday night, May 1, but abated somewhat during Sunday, although the naval guns kept up a constant bombardment, especially one man-o'-war well up the Straits. We attended service in the morning. One of the hymns struck me as being somewhat appropriate—

Through the night of doubt and sorrow

Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

In the afternoon, after a good dinner, I confess I enjoyed a nap. By the way, you will like to know our bill-of-fare. There is plenty of water for drinking purposes, but for washing body and clothes the sea provides.

Breakfast consists of tea, porridge, jam, bread, and butter. Always the same, sometimes minus the porridge, which has reached quite a good standard. Dinner gives us stewed meat or bully beef, doubtful potatoes, and occasionally haricot beans—no fresh vegetables. Sometimes no pudding; but if any, rice and currants (unwashed) or a plum duff. Tea consists of bread, butter, jam, and the favourite beverage (I mean tea). On rare occasions we get a cheese ration, and very welcome it is. The way we deal with rations is thus: Two orderlies, our lorry-drivers—clear the cabin up (we are fortunate to have the ladies' room, 30 feet by 15 feet on the top deck—

hence, plenty of air) and draw the stores. Regular times are detailed for drawing boiling water, meat, and bread. These are called "Sittings." At a certain time groceries (sugar, tins of condensed milk, and butter) are issued. At the start of the voyage "dicksees" (i.e., metal cans), tin mugs and plates, knives, forks, and spoons were issued. The three corporals get the men seated and serve each man with the food. No man is allowed to take anything, and thus all get equal rations.

Now for Sunday evening's battle! An everyday occurrence, which we now treat just as we do the playing of a band or going to the theatre or pictures at home. Our man-o'-war right up the Straits had

[Can finish on Page 714.]



IN VERY DIFFICULT COUNTRY: AUSTRALIANS LANDING NORTH OF GABA TEPE.

Photograph by Alfieri.

pop-pop-pop-pop-pop, sent her flying home. After tea, we were treated to one of the finest sights of the many that have recently been offered to us. As twilight fell, the enemy made a terrific attack on our trenches. In the darkness, the bursting shrapnel, here and there and everywhere, was extraordinary. Away on the hill and ridge at the back we could see the flash of the enemy's guns. Then almost simultaneously would come the bang and the burst of the shell. Our artillery replied, and we could see the shell bursting on the Turkish positions. Then we had an exciting time, for the Germans sent over half-a-dozen star shells which lit up the land. These things are just like rockets, only that they fly lower—more like a rifle-

A MASTER-MIND OF THE NAVY: THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



LORD FISHER'S SUCCESSOR: ADMIRAL SIR HENRY B. JACKSON, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE WAR STAFF.

A good deal has been said of the scientific attainments of Admiral Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson, who has become First Sea Lord in succession to Lord Fisher. Certainly these attainments are great; for the Admiral has not only served on numerous technical committees in connection with the equipment and design of war-ships, but was the first in England to put Hertzian waves to practical use for wireless telegraphy; and he has done very much towards introducing "wireless," perfecting it, and organising it in the Navy. He is also an expert in torpedoes and the submarine. But it must be

remembered, above all, that he is a very practical as well as a scientific seaman: witness the fact that he commanded the Sixth Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean for two years; and, especially, that he was in command of the Royal Naval War College from 1911 until 1913, and became Chief of the War Staff in 1912. Last year he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. He was born at Barnsley on January 21, 1855, and entered the Navy in 1868. His appointment is everything that could be desired: he is a fine sailor and a master-mind.

PLAYING THEIR COMRADES RIGHT UP TO THE GERMANS:

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM MATERIAL



THE SKIRL OF THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPES HEARD AMID MACHINE-GUNS, RIFLES, AND SHRAPNEL:

During the general attack on May 9 the Black Watch suffered very heavily. They assaulted the German trenches in front of Richebourg, eventually succeeding in their object and capturing the position, but not without difficulty. Their first charge was in the morning, but they only reached the German wire to fall in swathes under the merciless machine-guns of the enemy. During the afternoon other Black Watch companies dashed up against the strongly held trenches, and avenged their fallen comrades by a brilliant charge across the open ground and the capture of the objective. The special feature of this incident was the heroism of the Black Watch pipers, who—two to a company—played their comrades right up to the Germans, the skirl of their pipes sounding above the din and crash of the inferno of Maxims and rifles and bursting shrapnel. In his description of the fighting on this day (Sunday, May 9) "Eye-Witness" writes: "Shortly before six o'clock, our infantry advanced along the part of our front between Bois Grenier and Festubert (a few miles south of

BETWEEN NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE AND CARENCY.



OF THE FIGHTING SOUTH OF THE HEIGHTS OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE—SOUCHEZ IN THE DISTANCE.

STORMED IN TWELVE MINUTES, AFTER SIX HOURS' SHELLING:
LA TARGETTE AND SOUCHEZ.

THE report from the German Main Headquarters, dated May 29, records the reverse at Ablain in the following veiled terms: "After the French had been repulsed near Angres, losing a number of prisoners, they again counter-attacked along the road from Béthune to Souchez. During the night, unobserved by the enemy, we withdrew to a line in the immediate rear the weak forces occupying the eastern part of Ablain, as their continuance in the advanced positions there would only have caused useless bloodshed. . . . On the road between Béthune and Souchez, we captured some dozens of black French soldiers who were hidden in a wood."

AFTER AN ASSAULT: IN A GERMAN TRENCH
IN THE CARENCY-LA TARGETTE SECTION.

night-attack carried the "Presbytery" of St. Ablain and the strongly fortified group of houses near by. Next day the French captured a formidable German work towards Souchez after very heavy fighting, in which, as the Paris official *communiqué* stated, "the enemy suffered a serious defeat." At the moment of writing they are masters of the entire Ablain position. The Germans admit a retreat, excusing it as merely "to avoid useless bloodshed." In the large panoramic photograph above are seen, on the left, the two southern spurs of the Lorette heights. In the background to the left-centre is Ablain St. Nazaire; on the right-centre, Carency and the main road to Souchez. In the smaller panoramic photograph the wood seen on the hill in the background on the left-centre (above the half-destroyed building) is the Bois de Berthonval. The high road between La Targette and Souchez runs in the middle distance from right to left. The village partly seen among trees on the right is Thélus.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ACTUAL ATTACK BY GERMANS.



A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF THE ENEMY ADVANCING AGAINST BRITISH TRENCHES: THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL REGIMENT)
FACING A CHARGE BY GERMANS NEAR YPRES.

The photograph reproduced above is not only very remarkable in itself, but extraordinary in that it is the first which shows Germans advancing against British trenches during the Great War. The Germans are seen to the left, in the middle distance. In the fore-

ground are British trenches manned by the King's (Liverpool Regiment). Midway along the trenches shown in the photograph is an officer ready to lead his men. It will be noted that bayonets are fixed.

"THE FIGHTING WAS HOT": ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE AND CARENCY.



AFTER THE FRENCH HAD ENTERED ONE OF THE NETWORK OF VILLAGES FORTIFIED BY THE GERMANS: THE MAIN STREET OF ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE.



OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH WHILE THE GERMANS HELD THE REST OF THE VILLAGE, FROM WHICH THEY WERE DULY DRIVEN: THE LAST HOUSE IN CARENCY.

These are scenes of some of the hottest fighting in the succession of battles to break in the German network of fortified villages between Notre Dame de Lorette, Ablain St. Nazaire, and Carency, barring the approach to the central stronghold of Souchez, for which at the time of writing the French are fighting strenuously. The upper photograph shows the main street of Ablain St. Nazaire. The hole seen in the masonry wall of

the thatched cottage in a half-destroyed state on the right of the road was broken through by the enemy as a loophole for a machine-gun to enfilade the road. The lower photograph shows the remains of the outermost house in Carency on the side where the French attacked. They captured it and held it, although the rest of the village was in the enemy's possession. Finally they stormed the whole place.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE DISTRICT OF FESTUBERT:

FACSIMILE DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS,

Pont Flix and distillery destroyed by Germans.

La Bassée shelled by our artillery (shrapnel and high-explosive shells).

Mass of bursting shells.

Auchy.

A BOMBARDMENT OF GERMAN POSITIONS AT LA BASSÉE.

OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN THE WEST.

Cambrin.

Aeroplanes being shelled.

Annequin.

Loos foundry;
German lines.French lines
shelling Germans.

La Bassée Canal.



Army Service Corps' motor-lorries moving along road.

Famous slag dump; like a pyramid.

IN THE REGION WHERE BRITISH TROOPS HAVE BEEN MAKING CONTINUAL

PROGRESS: LA BASSÉE BEING HEAVILY BOMBARDED BY OUR ARTILLERY.

The British troops, by dint of hard fighting, recently made a considerable advance in the neighbourhood of Festubert, which lies three or four miles north-west of La Bassée. In his despatch of May 26, Sir John French said: "The First Army continues to make progress east of Festubert. Since May 16 the First Army has pierced the enemy's line on a total front of over three miles. Of this, the entire hostile front-line system of trenches has been captured on a front of 3200 yards, and, on the remaining portion, the first and second lines of trenches are in our possession. The total number of prisoners taken is 8 officers and 777 other ranks. Ten machine-guns in all have fallen into our possession, as well as a considerable quantity of material and equipment." The Germans made strong but unavailing attempts to regain the ground. Thus, on May 23, to quote "Eye-Witness," "a fresh counter-attack, backed by

a very heavy artillery bombardment, was developed against us near Festubert. . . . The German infantry . . . were again repulsed, very largely by our artillery, and as they retired they also came under the fire of our machine-guns at various points. They must have suffered severely. . . . During the night our infantry pushed forward and gained some more ground in this direction. . . . It may be mentioned that a building in La Bassée used by the Germans as a bathing establishment was recently hit by one of our howitzer shells when it was full of German officers, with the result that between twenty or thirty were killed or wounded." In the above drawing La Bassée is seen in the background on the left, undergoing heavy bombardment from the British guns. Further progress east of Festubert was reported by Sir John French in his despatch of May 30.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WESTON, SARONY, LANGFINK, DOWNEY, C.N., BASSANO, SWAINE, AND HEATH.



Our portraits of officers who have given their lives for their country include that of the Hon. Percy Cecil Evans-Freke, uncle of Lord Carbery. Major Charles H. Corbett had served in India and South Africa (Tirah medal, two clasps, and Queen's and King's South African medals, two clasps), and was a fine polo-player. Major William Oxenham Cautley won his D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry and great skill in handling his men near La Quinque Rue. Major R. C. Slacke was the son of the late Capt. Sir Owen Randal Slacke, C.B., and Lady Slacke, St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea. Capt. Hon. John Neville Bigge was the only son of Lord and Lady Stamfordham. Lord Stamfordham is Private Secretary to H.M. the King.

Capt. Hon. G. H. Lyon Playfair was the only son of Lord Playfair, C.V.O. Capt. Francis Grenfell, V.C., was the first officer in the Army to receive the Victoria Cross in the present war. His twin brother, Capt. "Rivy" (Riversdale) Grenfell was killed in action on September 14, and his cousin, Capt. the Hon. Julian Henry Francis Grenfell, D.S.O., eldest son of Lord and Lady Desborough, has just died of wounds. All these members of the Grenfell family were fine soldiers, keen sportsmen, and among the best-known and best-liked men in the Army. Major H. M. Finch was mentioned in despatches, and won his D.S.O. in February. Major-Gen. William Thursby Bridges, C.M.G., was commanding the Australian

(Continued opposite.)

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, ADAMS, SWAINE, BARNETT, WESION, LAFAYETTE, BROOKS HUGHES, MAULL AND FOX, LANGFIRE, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., AND SPEIGHT.



Continued.]

Contingent. Col. Sir George Farrar was Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Union Forces under General Botha. He was Chairman of the East Rand Proprietary Mines, and lived at Bedford Farm, Transvaal, and his English home was Chicheley Hall, Buckinghamshire. Major John Mackenzie, V.C., had a distinguished record, and won his Cross in 1900 for most gallant conduct at Dompsoasi, in Ashanti. Capt. T. V. T. Thacker Neville served in South Africa (Queen's medal, five clasps). Major P. M. Dove had seen service on the Gold Coast, in the Sudan (medals), and in the South African War (Queen's medal, five clasps). 2nd Lieut. N. M. K. Bertie was the youngest son of Rev. the Hon. Alberic Edward and Lady Caroline

Bertie, of Gedling Rectory, Nottingham. Lieut. Michael Braithwaite was a daring and chivalrous aviator, a son of the late Rev. J. M. Braithwaite, Vicar and Rural Dean of Croydon, and brother of the well-known actress, Miss Lilian Braithwaite. 2nd Lieut. the Hon. George Philip French was the fifth son of the fourth Baron de Freyne. Lieut. Charles Trevenen Holland was the only son of the late Col. James Trevenen Holland, C.B., D.L., and Mrs. Trevenen Holland, of Mount Ephraim House, Tunbridge Wells. Major G. V. S. Bowby, of the Royal Horse Guards, was a fine soldier and keen polo-player. He was in the Household Cavalry Team which won the Army Cup at Ranelagh last year.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CHEMICALS FROM THE AIR.

OFFICIAL announcements notwithstanding, it may still be doubted whether a Zeppelin proper that is to say, an air-ship in a rigid metal envelope as long as a super-Dreadnought—has yet visited our shores. All the witnesses at Yarmouth, Southend, and again at Ramsgate, who depose to having distinctly seen the attacking craft speak of it as resembling a big cigar. Now the Zeppelins proper as they are described, for instance, in Mr. Jane's book on military air-craft—are 300 feet long by 30 feet in diameter, or with a length more than seventeen times their width. Such a body, especially if flying at any height, would look more like a pencil than a cigar, and perhaps more like an arrow than either, the steering planes being mainly at the rear, and thus representing the arrow's feathers. The cigar shape, which is shorter, thicker, and with a diameter greatest within a few feet of the head, and thence tapering away towards the rear, is characteristic of the Parseval, or semi-rigid air-ship, which consists essentially of a chain of sausage-shaped balloons or gas-bags connected to an ingenious form of rigid girder which can be made to fold up and can thus be carried on board ship. This would agree well with the German bulletins, which always speak of the attacks on English "fortified" towns as carried out by naval air-ships. It would also account for the rather unexpected handiness of the raiders, it being manifestly easier in light winds or calms to turn a short ship than a long one.

However that may be, there can now be no doubt that it is possible for German air-ships to fly over English towns at no great distance from the coast, to hover over or circle round them, and to get back to their base with little or no damage to themselves. The question is what mischief they are likely to do during their visit, and, in especial, what they are likely to drop. There is good reason to suppose that this will not be confined to explosives, because, as has before been pointed out in these columns, the quantity of explosives that even the largest Zeppelin can carry is severely limited by the weight of her



OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES

machinery, armament, and crew, and probably does not much exceed that at the disposal of a big aeroplane. Our own most successful air-raids at Düsseldorf and elsewhere have all been executed by heavier-than-air machines; and a fleet of aeroplanes would, so far as mere bomb-dropping is concerned, be far more effective than one or two air-ships, besides having the advantage of not putting all their eggs in one basket. In their recent visits, the missiles carried by the hostile air-ships seem to have been mainly designed to cause fires, with one exception which may be important. This was in the case of the air-ship in the North Sea which, when attacked by aeroplanes from Dunkirk, emitted a cloud of black smoke and rose to a great height in an almost



MAKING A COMPACT WITH SATAN. NIPPON ENLARGED, BY CALLING FOR THE CIVIL LINE FIRE.

vertical position. This corresponds with information that reaches us from a Swiss source that Zeppelins have been experimenting on the Lake of Constance with what they call "fog bombs," which spread a layer of black smoke under the machine, and thereby hinder its being attacked by gun-fire from the earth. Actual practice

can alone show how far this is possible, but it is plain that if such a cloud could be produced it might be easy for an air-ship which has got its bearings to drop not only incendiary bombs, but shells filled with chlorine or other irritant gases, and thus make it more difficult for their victims to extinguish the fires which they have caused. Nothing that we know of the Germans would lead us to hope that they would hesitate to use such a means of increasing the frightfulness of their proceedings, except the fear of reprisals. Fortunately, it would be far easier for us to drop chlorine from aeroplanes than to set up the elaborate machinery necessary for pumping it into the enemy's trenches, and it may be that this consideration may yet give them pause. Otherwise, some such scheme may well be at the back of the repeated threats of the Germans about "laying London in flames."

The effective frustration of such a scheme must, of course, be left to the military authorities. Anti-aircraft guns have yet to prove their value, and might, of course, still be used before the air-ship reaches its point of attack. Of swift-flying aeroplanes the air-ship has always shown itself extremely afraid, and their mere presence in the air has hitherto always caused it to turn and flee. But the civilian will also do well to hold himself in readiness to extinguish fires caused by aerial attack, for which purpose nothing is more clearly indicated than liquefied carbonic acid contained either in the fire-grenades to be found in most hotels and clubs or in the more elaborate pumps familiar to all travellers by the Tube. Against chlorine or bromine gas, a proper respirator or mask is the best protection. One can be easily improvised by tying over the mouth and nose with a handkerchief a pad of cotton-wool soaked in a strong solution of washing soda or of liquid ammonia. F. L.



HOW THE GERMANS USE CHLORINE GAS ON THE BATTLEFIELD, ACCORDING TO THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN": POISON-GAS CYLINDERS IN ACTION, AND MEN WEARING RESPIRATORS AND RESPIRATOR-HELMETS.

A writer in the "Scientific American," assuming that the poison gas used by the Germans is chlorine, says: "To produce death rapidly it is necessary that the air breathed shall contain at least one part of chlorine in 1000 of air. . . . It is of some interest to know how much chlorine is needed to be effective. On the supposition that there is a breeze of four miles per hour, and that it takes two minutes to empty the containers holding the chlorine, the drift of air during that time would be about 700 feet, and to charge the lower three feet of this air-current with chlorine to a concentration of 1 to 1000 would require about six cubic feet, or one pound for each yard, or something like one ton per mile of battle-front. Chlorine can be obtained commercially compressed into liquid form in cylinders for five to eight cents a pound, and as a by-product in the electrolytic manufacture of hydrogen for balloons it may well be of less value. . . . Undoubtedly effective preventive or antidotal measures can be used. A sponge or towel wet with water or, better, with some basic substance like cooking soda or borax, kept ready to put over the face, might hold off the danger, and more special respirators charged with basic substances, or with reducing agents like oxalates or sodium hyposulphite might enable the attacked force to tide over the worst of the attack."—[By Courtesy of the "Scientific American,"]



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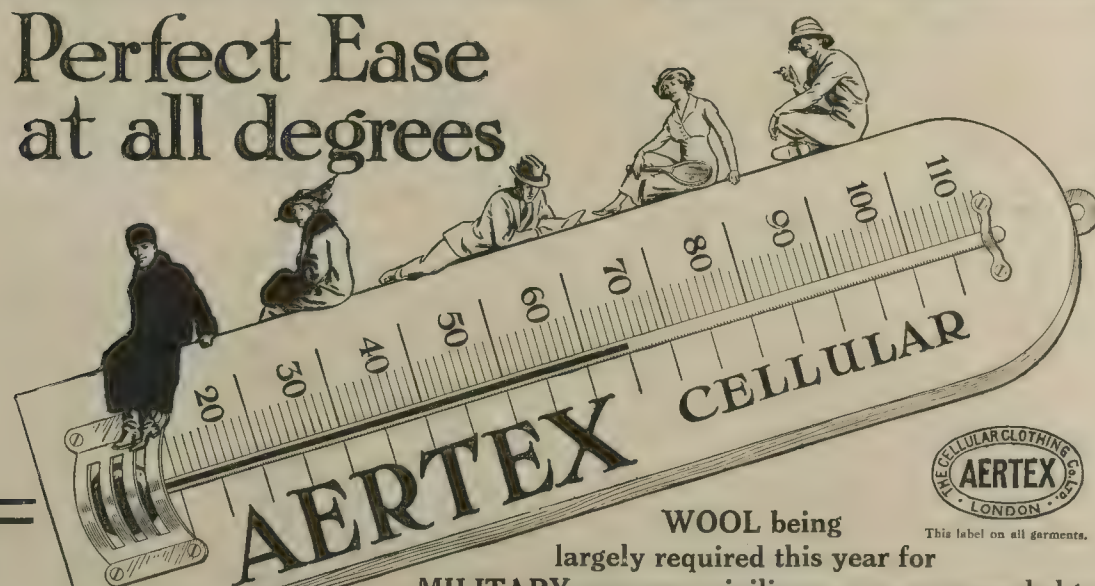
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A BIT O' LOVE," AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE Liverpool Players have kept their best wine till late with Mr. Galsworthy's "A Bit o' Love." Cornish in its setting, and admirably worked out in all its details of dialect and rustic types, this newest play of our most brilliant dramatist is a story of a village scandal and its victim, a too Christ-like parson, Michael Strangway, who commits the unpardonable sin of leaving the wife he adores free to join the lover of her choice. Unfortunately, a little eavesdropper, one of a group of girls he is preparing for Confirmation, overhears their interview, and blabs the news through the village. Ale-house gossips discuss his affairs, and one of them insults the curate as he breaks in on their company; the fussy wife of his rector intrudes on his agony; the girls and boys hiss him outside the church. He might have hanged himself, but that a frightened little baby-child was in the barn he sought, and helped him to saner thoughts. So beautifully humane is the idea of the play, so gentle and good is its leading figure so cleverly is the average village's love of scandal and stupid cruelty visualised, that Mr. Galsworthy can be forgiven for shifting the interest in too many scenes, and relying too much on crowd-tableaux, as it were. At any rate, his method permits him to illustrate different phases of opinion on the sort of problem he has selected, and he would probably tell us the village is for him the central character of the tale. It is fine, bold, thoughtful, concentrated drama, this—life seized in its intense moments and handled in a free and lofty spirit. All the players do wonders in creating an ensemble. Mr. William Armstrong is delightfully sincere as the curate; Miss McIntosh plays the wife very naturally; and there is in Blanche Fingleston the sweetest little stage-child imaginable.

"THE ARCADIAN" AGAIN AT THE SHAFTESBURY. Everyone voted "The Arcadians" at its debut one of the prettiest things we had ever had in musical comedy, and they are not likely to turn on the old favourite now. Its race-course act shows a parade of frocks in the latest mode,

which should suffice of itself to attract our women-folk; the music has no more lost its charm than has the fanciful little story. Mr. Alfred Lester is at hand to resume his part of the melancholy jockey, whose motto of "merry and bright" is still lived up to by the comedian. Mr. Dan Agar's Simplicitus might be Mr. Dan Rolyat's, so exactly does the deputy catch his predecessor's tricks of manner. There is a taking vocalist to follow Miss Smithson in the person of Miss Hope Charteris. Mr. Harry Welchman and Mr. Jack Hulbert, as the young men of the story, are full of dash; and Miss Cicely Courtneidge shows any amount of archness.

"HENRY OF NAVARRE," AT THE STRAND.

We owe it to Macaulay's "Ivry," probably, that Henry of Navarre has been lifted into the position of a hero of

Miss Julia Neilson, as Marguerite de Valois, and Miss Tita Brand, as the sinister Medici Queen, support him with the right romantic touch.

"THE DAIRYMAIDS," AT THE ALDWYCH.

One by one the musical plays that have found favour of recent times are being restored to the stage during this time of war, so it is only right that "The Dairymaids," which pleased so well at the Apollo nine years ago, should have its opportunity of justifying its former popularity. The score of Messrs. Tours and Rubens retains its tuneful freshness and sparkle. So that, helped by a company that includes a good substitute for Mr. Rolyat in Mr. Edwin Dodds, a heroine who can sing vivaciously—namely, Miss Clara Beck, and a comedienne of Miss Rose Edouin's quality, Mr. Bannister Howard's revival promises to go well.

"THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

In Mr. H. F. Maltby, author of "The Laughter of Fools," we get a real acquisition to our band of stage-writers. His work is the lightest of light comedy—merely a version of the "Cinderella" story, with kind old Uncle John as a substitute for the page of legend, and with the ugly sisters replaced by this uncle's family of snobs—but he has redeemed his conventional plot with dialogue which is so lively and sentiment so pretty that our hearts go out to him and to his three chief characters, and we feel sure that in his next play he will show courage as well as charm. His Cinderella was a poor relation, whom everybody used as a servant and abused and bullied, save her uncle, who secretly lamented his wife and children's unkindness and aping of their betters, and now and then got his own back on the insufferable trio. The simple but diverting little fable has an excellent cast all through; but the two performers who give most delight—apart from Miss Violet Graham, a refreshing Cinderella—are Mr. Alfred Bishop, most amiable and mischievous of old fogies, and Miss Eva Le Gallienne, whose slavey carried conviction and furnished delight from her first entry. Veteran and débutante, it is hard to say which of the two did more for the author.



THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN SHEERNESS HARBOUR: THE SISTER OF THE "PRINCESS IRENE," THE SHIP BLOWN UP—AND IDENTICAL WITH THE ILL-FATED VESSEL.

The Admiralty announced on the night of May 27 that H.M. Auxiliary-Ship "Princess Irene" had been accidentally blown up in Sheerness Harbour that morning. It is believed at moment of writing that the death-roll numbered 270, including crew and dockyard workmen. Three men were ashore at the time, and one survivor was picked up severely injured. The explosion was terrific. The "Princess Irene" was one of two large steamers completed a short while ago for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and intended for the Pacific coast trade. Her gross tonnage was 5934. Her photograph shows the "Princess Margaret," which is identical in every detail with the ill-fated "Princess Irene."—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

romance. That he thought Paris well worth a Mass may have reached, as rumour, our unsophisticated London playgoers, but does not affect their certitude that Henry battled for Protestantism. That the Béarnais was among the most fickle of royal amorists is a fact of cold history that they dismiss with the euphemism that he was a first-class lover. In a word, he was a good fellow, like our Charles II., he was a grand fighter, like our Henry V., he was a patriot, also like the man of Agincourt. Mr. Fred Terry and his playwright give them the hero of their fancy in the "Henry of Navarre" drama which has now been revived at the Strand. It need hardly be added that

bulled, save her uncle, who secretly lamented his wife and children's unkindness and aping of their betters, and now and then got his own back on the insufferable trio. The simple but diverting little fable has an excellent cast all through; but the two performers who give most delight—apart from Miss Violet Graham, a refreshing Cinderella—are Mr. Alfred Bishop, most amiable and mischievous of old fogies, and Miss Eva Le Gallienne, whose slavey carried conviction and furnished delight from her first entry. Veteran and débutante, it is hard to say which of the two did more for the author.



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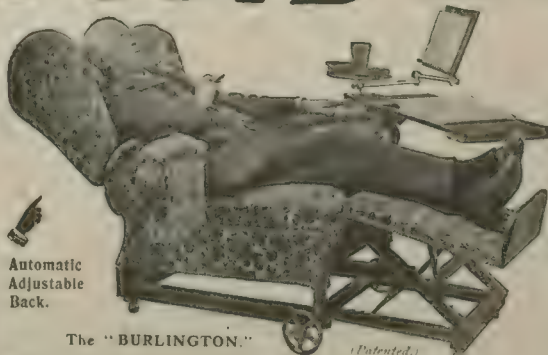
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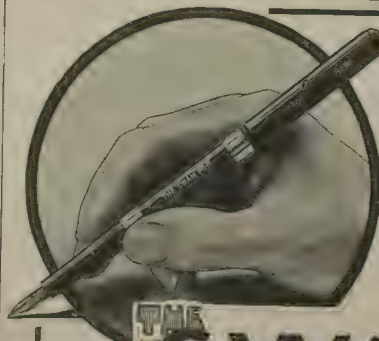


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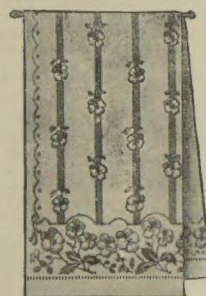
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R Z JOHNSTONE (U.S.S. New Hampshire).—The solution of No. 3567 ought to have been given 1. R to Q 3rd, instead of 1. R to K 3rd. With this alteration, perhaps you can see how to overcome the difficulty if Black play 1. B to B 5th (ch).

R J SWEZEY (Tufts College, Mass., U.S.A.).—An answer to your proposed solution of No. 3567 is as follows: 1. R takes B, Q takes Kt, 2. Q takes Q, Kt to Kt 6th, and there is no mate. Inquiries about the war pictures should be addressed to the publisher of this paper. Your letter was delayed in delivery.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3594 received from C Taylor (Paraguay); of No. 3596 from C A M (Penang) and P F Staunton (Kolar Gold Field, S. India); of No. 3599 from J B Canara (Madeira), J Murray (Quebec), C Barretto (Madrid), and C W B Selwyn (Venice, California); of No. 3700 from Y Kontumien (Raabe, Finland); of No. 3702 from Montagu Lubbock, Jacob Verrall (Rodmell), and H Grasset Baldwin (Guildford); of No. 3703 from J Isaacson (Liverpool), J Daddon (Catford), A L Payne (Lazouby), H P Colet (Tunbridge Wells), W Dittlof Tjassens (Apeldoorn), E P Stephenson (Llandudno), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), and H H Willmore (H.M.S. Hardy).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3704 received from Rev. J Christie (Redcliffe), H Grasset Baldwin, J Fowler, W Lillie (Marple), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), A L Payne, G Wilkinson (Bristol), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), R C Durell (South Woodford), R Womers (Canterbury), A H Arthur (Bath), J J Dennis (Gosport), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Captain Challice, J F Forbes (Brighton), G F Anderson (Brixton), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Tournament, between
Messrs. KUPCHIK and CHAJES.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. K.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to B 3rd P to Q 4th
4. Q to R 4th P to B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th Kt to K 2nd
6. P takes P Q takes P
7. Castles B to Q 2nd

Pillsbury, in a match game, played P to K 5th at once, which seems the better move. The text defence greatly limits the freedom of Black's Queen.

8. B to B 4th Q to Q 3rd
9. P to Q Kt 4th P to K 5th
10. Kt to K 5th Kt to K 4th
11. B to Kt 5th P to B 3rd
12. B to K 2nd K Kt to Kt 3rd
13. P to Kt 5th Q to Q 4th
14. P to Q B 4th Q to Q 5th
15. Kt to B 2nd P takes P
16. Kt takes Q P takes Q
17. B to R 3rd Kt to B 5th

So far the struggle has been very evenly maintained, but here Black begins to lose ground. He ought at once to find some support for his King's Pawn—say, by B takes B, and Castling. As the game proceeds, the undefended Knight at K 4th becomes a point of weakness.

18. R to K sq P to B 4th

WHITE (Mr. K.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
19. P to B 3rd B takes B
If, now, Kt takes B, 20. R takes Kt, Kt takes Q B P, 21. B takes B, R takes B, 22. P takes P, P to B 5th, White's centre Pawns would win. The line adopted, however, practically brings about the same result.

20. Kt takes B Castles
21. P takes P P takes P
22. B to B sq Q R to Q sq
23. R takes P Kt to B 3rd
24. Q R to K 4th Kt takes Kt
25. R takes Kt B to B 3rd
26. Kt to B 2nd P to R 6th
27. P to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
28. R takes R R takes R
29. P to Q 3rd K to B 2nd
30. Kt takes P K to B 3rd
31. R to K 3rd P to K 4th
32. B to K 2nd B to K 5th
33. Kt to Q 2nd P to K Kt 4th
34. Kt to Q 2nd B to B 3rd
35. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
36. P to Q 4th Kt to B 6th (ch)
37. B takes Kt B takes B
38. K to B 2nd, and wins

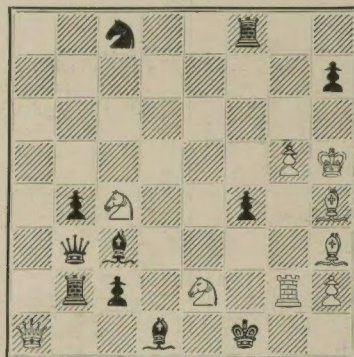
The game was continued by Black for fifteen more moves, in quite a hopeless struggle to stop the advance of White's Pawns to their eighth square.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3703.—By Y. KONTUMIEMI.

WHITE BLACK
1. Q to Q B sq Any move
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 3706.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The American National Chess Tournament ended in Capablanca taking first prize with thirteen points, and Marshall second with twelve points, out of a possible fourteen. Neither suffered defeat, their loss in score being due to drawn games. They drew twice with each other, and Marshall suffered two further draws with Chajes and Lasker. Their superiority over the rest of the competitors was so marked, and their final position so foregone a conclusion, that it is to be regretted some little spirit was not put into their own meetings. Like much else in modern professional chess, playing to the score does not serve its best interests.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has written an interesting description of the Regent Palace Hotel, the handsome building at Piccadilly Circus. The new hotel, which claims to be the largest and most magnificent in Europe, is under the same management as the Strand Palace Hotel, and its policy is on the same lines, with no "tips" and no "extras." The restaurant, grill-room, and Rotunda Court are open to non-residents. Mr. O'Connor's article, as an illustrated booklet, can be had free on request to C. V. Turrell, Inquiry Office, Regent Palace Hotel, London, W.

One way of following the King's example in pleasant and palatable form is to drink barley-water from Robinson's "Patent" barley, according to the recipe of Mr. Hammond, a former chef at the Bachelors' Club: "Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, with eight lumps of sugar, and boil for ten minutes. Add two dessert-spoonfuls of barley in a paste, and boil for five minutes. When cool, strain off, and add ice and lemon-juice to taste."

Vichy season will be run practically as usual, both the baths and springs being available as in normal times. The Casino reading and billiard rooms are open, and concerts are going on (in the Park, after June 15), with evening concerts in the Salle des Fêtes, and four performances weekly in the Grand Hall, where also three matinées will be given weekly from June 15.

NEW NOVELS.

"Sweet Herbs and Bitter."

Mr. Morley Roberts searches through the scrap-bag of his novelist's experiences for the little plots in "Sweet Herbs and Bitter" (Eveleigh Nash). If there is nothing here as good as "The Promotion of the Admiral," there is, at least, a pretty varied selection, where people looking for desultory entertainment can browse at will. The vein of light comedy in "The Remaining Miss Simkins" is pleasant; pleasant, too, the touch of melodrama in "Holloway's Corot," where a would-be thief, who happens also to be a doctor, saves the life of a patient and his own career at the same moment by a timely tracheotomy. We learn incidentally how far and wide Mr. Roberts has traveled, and how catholic is his outlook on life; and for the ingenuity of his tales and for these other interests embedded in them we are equally grateful to the indefatigable author.

"Loneliness."

To review the last novel of Monsignor Benson in the controversial spirit that his mannerisms arouse in persons neither docile nor uncritical is impossible to one who holds in admiration—and who does not?—the eminent ecclesiastic and fine-bred English gentleman who has so lately passed away. "Loneliness" (Hutchinson) describes a young woman who starts her story with more than the usual advantages. She is about to become a great singer, and she is loved by a young man who is the son of a wealthy father—a father in opposition, but the prospective prima-donna's salary will smooth out many difficulties. The greatest difficulty of all is not of the father's making, and it is only borne in upon the girl after she has allowed herself to fall in love with the son, Max. She is a Catholic, and Max is a Protestant, and the Church forbids their union. We leave readers to follow for themselves the course of Marion's ill-starred romance, and to discover the double edge to the meaning of the title, when in loneliness she discovers how little loneliness there is for a strayed child returned to the bosom of its parent faith. All this is written with vivacity and decision, and we perceive with renewed regret how rare a personality has been lost by the untimely death of Robert Hugh Benson.

"The Sword of Youth."

"The Sword of Youth" (Macmillan) is an epic of youth. Written, probably, with no such object, it makes a direct appeal to English people at the present hour, for it is the story of a boy who went to the war, because his honour called to him to go, at the very dawn and outset of his manhood. Mr. James Lane Allen invests all his novels with a peculiar grace and charm, and this gentle, moving story is at least as charming as the rest. There is the Southern setting, at the end of the three first years of the war of secession—the ruined home, the widowed mother, whose fine, big sons and their father have already fallen. The only one left to her is her youngest child, who is a "little, scrubbed youth," or so she considers him. She holds him back, because he is to stay to be the farm drudge now that there are no more slaves to work for her, and he will not be held back. He goes, on his seventeenth birthday, without good-bye, and the time comes when she recalls him, and he deserts his post to come to her. Mr. Allen is merciful, and this story of youth ends, as such stories should, on the note of hope.

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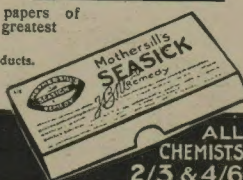
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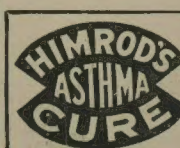
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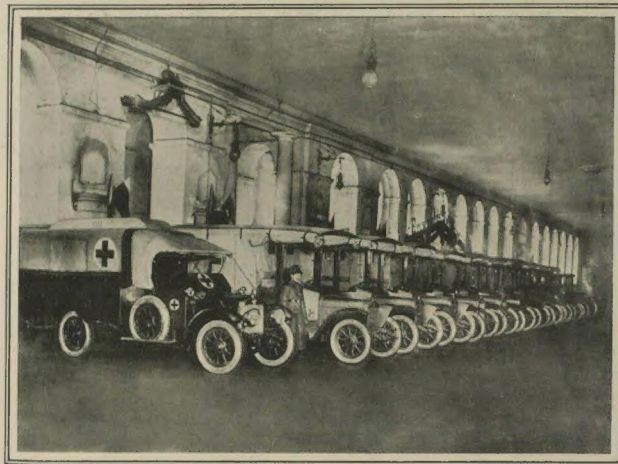
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Manufacturers' Maxims. One sees so much blatant advertising nowadays that much praise is due to the Dunlop Company for their present series of manufacturers' maxims appearing in the advertising columns of a variety of journals. The broadness of the campaign can be judged by my quoting No. 8 of this series: "Exclusion is limitation. To lock others out is to shut yourself in." And then comes the moral, for the announcement continues: "We believe that real progress is not to be found in monopoly, but in competition of the right kind; a mutual sharpening of brains, but not of knives. We neither desire to impose exclusion on our rivals nor limitation on ourselves. Breadth of view has been the soul of the business." This dignified style of drawing attention to the business methods and character of this firm must have better results than the usual "My goods are the best" style. Just now the motor trade is in a most peculiar position in regard to its publicity campaign. Firms that cannot give immediate delivery of their wares want to keep their name before the public, yet fear to do so because they are afraid that the buyers will expect they have goods for sale, and are afraid to disappoint them when the would-be purchasers write and are told by the makers to put their names on the "waiting list."

Facts for the Future. Yet if the British motorists do not have great patience with an industry whose workshops are being utilised for war materials in place of their own goods, they will be doing a great injustice to one of England's large industries. They will also be harming their own interests indirectly, for if the public in this country cannot put up with the momentary delay, when the war is over these British firms will have lost a large number of customers—that is, goodwill—which will throw a number of workpeople out of employment; no dividends will be earned on the vast capital invested in the automobile industry, and so all classes will suffer. I do not wish to say one word against the American cars that are being sold in large quantities here, but I am sorry to see it. For it tells a tale that our motorists have satisfied their own selfish needs for the present moment in place of waiting to support our own sorely tried traders. If this state of things continues, the country will be flooded with these U.S.A. products, and all this money is going out of the country at a time when it is most necessary to keep it in our British pockets. For some time the leading politicians have been telling the world that it is necessary for us all to economise, as a period of great financial stress is looming in the near future for us all in Great Britain.

I am afraid these warnings have been wrongly interpreted by our motorists. It is not true economy to purchase low-priced imported cars, and so export our gold to foreign shores. It would be better even to buy more expensive machines, provided that the money so spent were divided among the British manufacturers and their workpeople.

British Opportunities. As a matter of fact, there are quite enough British cars available for the pleasure-car motoring public if they will be content to take what they can get and wait their turn to be supplied. The slogan of the British motor



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industry should be "If need be, wait; but buy British cars," and I cannot understand why the whole trade does not combine to impress this manufacturers' maxim on the public. It is not a case of advertising individual firms; it is a necessity of saving an entire industry from the heavy onslaughts of foreign trade rivals who see their opportunity of securing the major portion of the British market in automobiles of all classes because our own patriot manufacturers are using their plant, their workshops, their employees, their capital, and their energy in the nation's interest and not to their own selfish ends.

and Winifred Birch; £10,000 to the Ramsbottom Cottage Hospital; £10,000 to the Holcombe Sanatorium; her pictures to the Bury Art Gallery; legacies to servants; and the residue to her cousin Margaret Gray.

The following important wills have been proved—
Mr. Thomas Bullough, Fasnacloich, Argyllshire, and Accrington, Lancashire . . . £704,634
Mr. Frederick James Harrison, Maer Hall, Newcastle, Staffordshire, and Hare Appletree, Lancaster . . . £180,801
Mr. Benjamin St. John Ackers, Huntley Manor, Gloucester . . . £168,192

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of the Fourth EARL OF BRADFORD, of 44, Lowndes Square, Weston Park, Shifnal, and Clarendon House, Newmarket, a member of the Jockey Club, who died on Jan. 2, is proved by his son, the present Earl, and Edward H. Bailey, the value of the estate being £572,928. Testator gives £42,000 to his wife; £15,000 to his daughter Lady Florence S. Norman; £500 to Lord Claud Hamilton; Clarendon House to his son Richard Orlando; various shares to his sons Richard and Henry George; £500 and shares in the Consolidated Tamar Mines to his brother Colonel the Hon. Francis C. Bridgman; legacies to agents, executors, and servants; and the residue to his eldest son. He appoints £10,833 settled funds to each of his younger sons; £1000 a year to his wife, and he confirmed the appointments in favour of his daughters the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Sefton, Lady Beatrice Pretymann, and Lady Florence S. Norman.

The will (dated March 24, 1914) of MR. ALAN GEORGE FINCH, of Burley-on-the-Hill, Rutland, and Maypole House, Bexley, Kent, who died on Nov. 7, is proved by Henry Randolph Finch and Lord Penrhyn, the value of the real and personal estate being £374,620. He appoints the Finch settled estates to his half-brother Wilfred Henry Montgomery Finch, subject to the payment of £300 per annum, or £500 per annum, as the case may be, to his half-brother Somerset Henry George Finch. His residence, Maypole House, and the furniture he gives to Mrs. Kate Knight for life, and then for her daughter Elvira Kathleen; £200 each to the executors; £300 to his secretary Charles William Knight; and the residue to the first tenant for life of the settled estates.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1912) of MRS. MARTHA AITKEN, of Bodewyddan, Rhuddlan, Flint, widow, who died on May 3, is proved by Miss Margaret Gray, the cousin, the value of the estate amounting to £241,384. Testatrix gives £80,000 in trust for Geoffrey Mellor; £10,000 each to William Bullough Gray, Nora Gray, Ronald H. Hardman, Richard Birch, and Winifred Birch; £10,000 to the Ramsbottom Cottage Hospital; £10,000 to the Holcombe Sanatorium; her pictures to the Bury Art Gallery; legacies to servants; and the residue to her cousin Margaret Gray.

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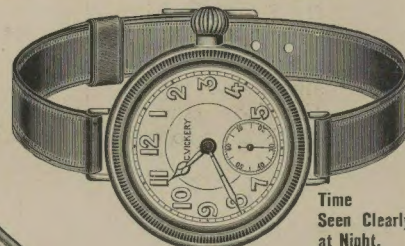
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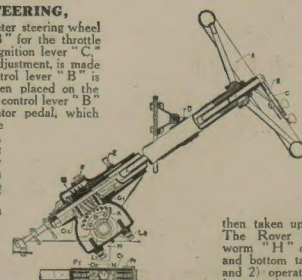
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are two adjustable bolts, which are so adjusted in our works that the steering angle is as great as possible without wheels coming in contact with the wings or frame.

The steering arm "M" is provided with a ball "N" situated between two blocks "O" and "P", which are held in position by springs "Q" and "R". The most frequent cause of a strained steering is when the car is being turned on full lock, and the wheels hit some obstruction; a slight alteration of steering is then taken up by these springs "Q" and "R".

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